

*Cara al Sol (“Facing the Sun”)*

Facing the sun in my new shirt,  
that you embroidered in red yesterday,  
That's how death will find me if it takes me  
and I won't see you again.

I'll take my place alongside my companions  
who stand on guard in the heavens,  
with a hard countenance,  
they are present in our efforts.

If they tell you that I fell,  
know that I went to my post up there.

Victorious flags will return  
at the merry step of peace  
and will wear pinned five roses:  
the arrows of my quiver.

Spring will return laughing again,  
which is awaited by air, land and sea.

Onwards, squadrons, to victory,  
that a new day dawns in Spain!